

ness. The risen Lord in all these days and years of our life will ever be near us to bless. For you see my brethren we suffered all we ever shall. The loving heart of the blessed Christ can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. He knows what your head-aches and heart-burns mean. He knows what your sighs and fears are telling. Blessed be God for such a Savior.

"There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

Jesus' victory is our triumph. And the empty tomb of Christ gives us double assurance. Yes, yes, the children of God are coming home. On the wings of resurrection glory they scale the heights of the eternal city. To earth's remotest bound they heard the voice of the risen Lord crying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father's house!" They come! See, they come! From the four quarters of the earth they come to sit down in the kingdom of God. Home at last! All of earth's sorrows forgotten in the glories and lights of home. They went down to the grave amidst sorrows and tears and broken hearts and the pangs of death. They came forth with unspeakable joys and sweetest songs and greatest shouts of eternal, ransomed victors.

But the risen Lord settles another question for us forever. Shall we meet again? Oh, who has not asked this question in hours of deepest distress? The mother asks it as she looks with tearful eyes upon the little face of her child for the last time on earth. The husband, the wife, asks it as the bosom companion is laid away. The children ask it as father or mother is carried out of the old house to the narrow tomb? Will they never come back? Can we never meet? Shall I clasp that hand once more? Shall I see that face again? Will mother's eyes open again upon her boy? Shall these mother-lips press another kiss upon her child's brow? Shall her voice be heard again? Shall I hear her song again? Come, let me look into that face again. There are the same eyes that looked upon me in infancy. There the kind loving hands that did so much for me in childhood. Oh, don't hide the face from me. How can I give her up? Can we meet again? Tell me *no*. Tell me the stars shall fade; tell me the moon and the sun shall go out; tell me earth shall fail and heaven flee away; but tell me *not*—no tell me *NEVER* that the children of God shall not meet.

"We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll;
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul."

What a throng will gather home. John the revelator was lost in the great number. There were thousands; and thousands of thousands; and ten thousand times ten thousand; and lo, a great multitude which no man could number. All these stand before the throne and in the presence of the Lamb. Oh, if we could but see there this morning, how our hearts would swell with emotion. Countless throngs around the throne! I think of the friends gone over the river,—the fathers, the mothers, the little children, all arrayed in white robes. These are the blood-washed before the throne. Oh, Lord, our God, do thou in thy tenderest love inspire us with a great desire to meet with this throng. May we give our life to thee in consecrated preparation!

But, Brethren, I must tell you yet more blessed words. The risen Lord answers forever another question. Shall we know each other beyond this life? This is an intense question. Not a soul here this morning but has some dead friend. How your lips quiver, and your cheeks flush, and your heart throbs as with trembling you ask: Shall we know each other there? In the name of the risen Lord I answer you: *Yes*. Jesus no sooner addressed Mary Magdalene by name than she recognized him. On the Mount of Transfiguration, where in the presence of Peter and James and John the Lord's countenance was changed, so that his face shone as the sun and his raiment was white as light, there Moses and Elias met with him. Moses, fifteen hundred years dead, was seen by them and recognized. Moses and Elias were both seen by these disciples and called by name. Here is another picture presented by Jesus when he says: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." For he says: "Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many shall come who can not enter into the kingdom in that day." There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when we shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you—who have not entered at the straight gate—yourselves thrust out. They—those who have entered in at the straight gate,—shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. Here Abraham, the long dead, is still recognized and even called by name. So also Isaac and Jacob. Then

we have the account of the rich man and Lazarus. In this narrative recognition is clearly taught. And we have a key to this recognition in the words of Abraham to Dives: "Son, *remember*," We shall not lose our memory. We shall remember. Paul also would have us believe that pastors shall know their flocks; and the flocks their pastors. For he writes to the Thessalonians of his hope and joy in meeting them at Christ's coming. "For what is our hope, or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even *ye* in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming." But how can these brethren be his rejoicing and crown of joy if he does not know them? Again he says, we preach Christ, warning and teaching every man, "that we may present every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus." But shall not the pastors know those whom they present? And John writes: "And now, little children, abide in him; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming." And if John knows not his flock to whom he is writing how can this be realized? But this is enough. Be assured your joy will be full. We will not be strangers.

Here is the babe that was torn by death from your bosom, 'twas as a sweet babe then, but as an angel now. Here is a husband, a wife, with whom you walked for fifty years, and who was in all those years your chief joy. Here is the loving sister, the noble brother. Here the minister whose preaching turned your wandering feet toward heaven. Here the mother, who rocked you in the cradle; at whose knees you just knelt; whose loving hands upon your head gave so many benedictions. Are these forever removed from us? Shall we be strangers in the kingdom of God? It can not be. As long as the Lamb keeps in heaven the Book of Life, upon whose fair pages our names are written, so long shall we not be forgotten, nor yet shall we forget.

But brethren, why should I say more? The Lord risen assures us of our resurrection; of our reception in an eternal home; of our meeting again; of our knowing each other. All the blessings of a loving and beneficent Father are assured us by the resurrection of Jesus. My brethren, I have spoken thus at length that your Easter joy might be full. And, my friend if you know not God, and Jesus Christ, and the power of his resurrection, flee to *him* today who is mighty to save. Join in with the people of God. Come brethren, come sisters, come friends, on the Lord's highway let us walk together toward that eternal city whose builder and maker is God; whose walls are of Jasper garnished with